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Prologue

"Maybe I'm just not fertile," Shadedstar meowed sadly.
"No, I'm sure you aren't. Come on. One more time?" Darkflame, her mate meowed encouragingly. Shadedstar reluctantly agreed, and allowed one more time. They had been tying for kits for almost twelve moons. Shadedstar was convinced she was infertile.

"Don't patrol or hunt. I know your leader, but maybe that's what's doing it. Just rest for a half moon, and see how you feel, alright?" Darkflame purred. He really wanted kits. So did Shadedstar, but they hadn't had any yet. Shadedstar purred in agreement, and Darkflame curled up beside. They soon were asleep.

One moon later

Shadedstar's stomach felt off. She hadn't been eating, and was complaining of headaches. TunnelClan's medicine cat, Stoneslip, went to go check on her. Stoneslip felt the leader's belly, and felt some gentle movement. A smile spread across her face.

"Your expecting! Better go eat. Your kits haven't eaten in days. It's crucial for proper development," the medicine cat purred. Shadedstar sat straight up.

"Really! I'm expecting! Darkflame's going to be so happy!" The leader purred.

"Remember, be gentle on yourself. You don't want the kits to be damaged, do you? Conception was very hard, so that means that the kits will be very fragile. Try to stay calm, and no running, patrolling, or hunting," the medicine cat laughed. Shadedstar immediately calmed down.

"Of course. I'll just go tell Darkflame and Mossyrock," she purred. Mossyrock was the deputy. The leader left to go tell her mate and deputy.

"Really?" Darkflame gasped when he heard. His eyes were as large as owls.

"Yes! Stoneslip has forbidden me from doing anything fun, so make sure to take care of the clan, Mossyrock," Shadedstar meowed.

The deputy nodded, and left the happy couple alone. They leader and her mate shared tongues until they fell asleep.

Chapter 1

Shadestar's perspective

I look down to see my kits. Flamekit, Nightkit, and Turtlekit. They're perfect. I see Nightkit's black fur rise and fall. Flamekit's bright orange paw twitches in his sleep. Turtlekit sleeps curled in a perfect ball. Her long, dappled fur reminded my of a turtle's shell. *She's going to be a stunning cat. I have to make sure the toms don't push her around.* I smile at the thought of my kits all grown up. Warriors ready to fight and defend their clan.

"How is the most beautiful she-cat in TunnelClan, and how are the cutest kits in TunnelClan?" Darkflame purrs upon entering the cavern.

"Wonderfully. You?" I purr back.

"Great, do you want to take a walk?" He asks. I look down to my kits.

"They'll be fine. Come one, stretch your legs all little," he pleads. I laugh and nod. We pad out of my den.

"Shadedstar! Hello, Darkflame. How are you two doing? How are the kits?" Mossyrock meows when she saw us.

"Good, and as adorable as ever. How about you? Has the clan given you any trouble?"

"Great! They've been wonderful. The apprentices were a little rambunctious at times, but everything got smoothed out," the deputy meows.

"Has Smokepaw transitioned, and gotten use to clan life?" I ask. Smokepaw was our newest member. A lonely kittypet, he stumbled down a hole. His twolegs had abandoned him.

"Yes, he's making progress. Come see the apprentices train. You'll be surprised at how he is now." So I follow my deputy down the tunnels. When I enter the training cave, I see the smokey apprentice battling Daisypaw, a white and cream tabby she-cat. He's beating her, and quickly too. Daisypaw soon gives in, making him the champion.

"Nice job, Smokepaw! And you've only been here for a quarter moon! I can't believe it," I purr. Smokepaw looks around, and his

eyes widen.

"Shadedstar! How are you and the kits?" He asks.

"Great. I see your getting to be a fierce warrior."

"I've been working hard. I don't want to be a scared little kittypet who jumps at any sudden movement anymore," he meows back. I nod in agreement. Darkflame and I leave the apprentices to train, while we check on the other cats. Walking around these tunnels was a long walk by itself. We had made it so that every cat or cat family had a den. Then, of course, we had the training cave, sharing tongues cave, eating cave, and dirt cave. We liked this style of dens more then having a warriors den and so forth, because a predator might come in, which is highly unlikely, and be able to wipe out the whole clan, but if we have separate dens for each cat or cat family, we can decrease the risk of a predator or flood come in and wipe us out.

We check on all the cats, and everyone is doing fine. Then we go on out walk, and race back home. As we walk to our den, we hear a patrol walking over us.

"I swear I can hear voices every time we walk here!" A voice meows.

"I think it's just your imagination. I mean, cats under ground? Why would anyone want to live down there," another meows.

"Snowdrop said she could hear them too!"

"We both know Snowdrop is a little crazy."

"She's my mother!"

"So?"

"Ugh! Let's just hunt and go back." The first one meows. The voices of the two cats soon fade.

"That was great!" Darkflame laughs.

"Yeah. You know what I think?" Darkflame looks at me quizzically. "It's time we declare TunnelClan a real clan!" Darkflame's eyes widen in shock.

"Really?"

"Yes, tomorrow at the gathering. We will go, and be the last ones there. They won't have any idea who we are. Then they'll see me, walking towards the High Tree. I bet Grassstar is going to say, why did you leave? Ugh! What a bird brain," I decide.

"That sounds like a good plan. I'll be there every step of the way," Darkflame purrs.

"I know you will." We curl up around our kits, and soon fall

asleep.

Chapter 2

I summon TunnelClan with the familiar call.

"Let all cats old enough to dig, gather beneath the Sky Stone to hear what I have to say!" I meow. When I had become leader of TunnelClan, we realized we had nowhere to gather, so we made the Gathering Cave. The Sky Stone was a large rock in the cave. The leader stood on the Sky Stone to call the clan together.

"Tonight, we declare ourselves a clan! We will go to the gathering, and let TunnelClan be known!" I yowl. The clan cheers, and in the WoodClan camp, some cat asks their friend 'Did you hear that?'

"Who will go?" Stoneslip meows.

"You, Mossyrock, Darkflame, Rockypath, Runningpaw, Swiftpaw, Tigerpelt, Morningrose, Roseshade, Pantherleap, Spiderweb, Lionfang, Mistymountain, Clifffall, Honeyrose, Tunnelrunner, Nighthawk, Duskthorn, Whitefawn, Eveningwind, Moonwhisker, Pinepaw, Earthpaw, Streampaw, and myself," I meow. The clan members meow their happiness or disappointment. Only have the clan was coming. My clan was immense, filled with former rouges and kittypets.

"We will wait just inside the tunnel hidden where they gather. When all the clans are there, and settled in, we will come out of the tunnel. Grassstar will most likely say, 'Twokit, we did you leave us? You were our pride and joy, you too, Darkflame!'" I scoff, mocking the leaders gruff voice. The clan grumbles. "If they try to attack, we can easily beat them. We are our own clan, and fit to be one. It doesn't matter where we came from if we are strong, caring, loyal clan cats. If WoodClan or the others refuse to accept us as a clan, we will strike in the dead of night. We are a strong clan that is more than worthy of being know!" I yowl. The clan cheers again. We race down the tunnels, stopping upon reaching our destination.

Chapter 3

The last clans have arrived at the gathering. Shadedstar waits for just the right moment. The clans are settling down, and Grassstar calls the beginning call.

"Who will start the gather?" He meows, looking at the other leaders. *This is the perfect time.*

"We will," I meow, and signals for my clan to come out with me. Grassstar mouth falls open.

"Twokit?!" He yelps. "I thought..."

"You thought I was dead? Never was," I purr. I look around at the other cats. I see my mother. Her eyes filled with happiness.

"Why did you leave? You were our pride and joy! You too, Darkflame?" Grassstar's eyes look so sad, but I can see the frustration and hate in their deepest depths.

"You know perfectly well I didn't leave by choice. Because my brother Foxkit died at birth, and half my pelt looks like his, you thought *I* killed him. I was only a few sunrises old when you accused me of murder, and when Frostkit got pushed of the pile of rocks in your camp, you blamed me. Even though I was weeping in the corner of the nursery at the time it happened. You thought I was such a monster, you ordered a pit to be dug to put me in. When it was so deep no one could climb out, you threw me in. You left me to suffer and rot, but then StarClan came to me, and showed me the way. They told me to dig, and they'd tell me when to stop, so I did. I dug and dug and dug.

"Later in life, Darkflame came to me. He wanted to join me, because you teased him for being a tortoiseshell. His siblings almost killed him, but I was watching the clan that day, and I saved him. We decided to call ourselves TunnelClan as a cute nickname after we became mates. Then Mossyrock joined us, and more and more and more cats became clan cats. My clan is huge, and we live right under your feet. We hear what is going on. We hear your battle plans. We hear all. Now, I give you a choice; accept us as a clan or face the consequences," I meow, growling to emphasize the last phrase. The leaders look at each other.

"If StarClan approves your clan, have they given you your lives

and name?" Dovestar asks.

"Yes, my name is now Shadedstar and I've already used one of my nine lives to save one of our apprentices from a collapsing tunnel," I meow. Grassstar looks horrified.

"Welcome to the clans, TunnelClan," Stonestar purrs. I bow thankfully, and bound up the tree the leaders sit on.

"With no further interruptions, I'd like to go first," Grassstar scoffs. He talks about how great his clan is, and how well they are doing. All the other leaders talk, including me. We then share tongues, and after, we part our ways till the next full moon.

"Follow them, and take the first cat you see as hostage!" Someone whispers, and smiles as they see four of their clanmates sneak off to follow TunnelClan.

Chapter 4

Flamekit perspective

I walk through the forest. Nightkit and Turtlekit didn't want to come with me to find mama. Turtlekit wanted to sleep, and Shadowkit wanted to sneak up on other warriors in the tunnels. Mama said she would come right back after the gathering, but she was gone to long for me, so I went to find her. That's were I am now. I start to hear voices, and race towards the sound.

"Mama?" I cry. I am lost and afraid. I freeze when I see the cats aren't with mama.

"Where's mama?" I ask. The look at each other. "Are you from TunnelClan?" One begins to shake their head, but turns it into a nod.

"Yes, who's your mother?" He asks.

"Don't you remeber? It's Shadedstar," I squeak. The four warriors grin.

"Follow is. Shadedstar is there," the first one meows sweetly. I don't like his tone, but he knows where mama is. I follow him to a large camp, and it isn't under ground. I start to ask him where mama is, but he gruffly picks me up by the scruff, and carries me to a large tom.

"Why did you bring me a kit?" The large tom growls.

"He's Shadedstar's, Grassstar," one of the four toms who brought me here meows. Grassstar's eyes light up.

"He is!" He purred.

"Pardon me for interrupting, but... isn't there only suppose to be one leader in a clan?" I ask hesitantly.

"Yes, why do you ask?" Grassstar meows.

"He-" I point to the tom who said they were TunnelClan, "said you were TunnelClan, but mama is leader of TunnelClan!" I squeak worriedly.

"Yes, kit. We aren't TunnelClan. We are WoodClan," Grassstar laughs. I stiffen when the tom who is holding me laughs, dropping me. I start to run, but Grassstar easily catches me, and pins me down.

"Pin him up in the brambles over there," he meows, waving his tail to a patch of brambles. A tom comes over to me, picks me up, and tosses me inside the brambles. I land on a thorn, and screech in pain.

"Toughen up, weakling," the tom who threw me in growls.

"I'm only a few sunrises old!" I protest. The toms eyes grow large, then he quickly shakes off his guilt.

"Be quiet!" He growls so fiercely I shrink to the back of my cage. The thorns press against my back, making me whimper. I lay down and weep. I'm alone, cold, and hungry, mama isn't here, and I've been kitnapped! I regret trying to find mama. I should've listened to her when she said not to go out of the tunnels. I cry myself to sleep, and dreamed of being tortured.

Chapter 5

Shadestar's perspective

"Flamekit!" I screech. Nightkit just told me he went to find me.
"It's alright. We'll find him," Mossyrock meows.
"Your right, we will. I just need to calm down. He probably just wandered down the tunnels and got lost," I meow, hyperventilating in fear. We run down the tunnels, calling my kit's name. I pause as I hear his muffled voice. I look around, but he isn't on my level. He's on the forest floor, not below the surface.
"Tell me what your mother is planing!" Grassstar screeches.
"I don't know!" Flamekit whimpers. I hear the ripping of skin, and Flamekit screams. I'm bubbling with anger.
"How dare you lie to me!" Grassstar yells.
"How dare he hurt my kit!" I fume. Mossyrock purrs comfortingly.
"Let's find the nearest exit, and attack," she meows. I nod, and we quickly find and climb out of the nearest exit. We race towards WoodClan's camp. I see Grassstar hunched over my kit, preparing to strike. My motherly instincts kick in, and I bowl Grassstar over. Mossyrock wards off any WoodClaners who would interfere. Grassstar recovers from the sudden shock of me bowling him over.
"How dare you steal my kit!"
"How dare you interrupt me when I'm beating a kit!" He yelled back. Then paused at the stupidity of what he had just said.
"It's against the warrior code to harm innocent kits! You are a dirty, fox-hearted, cheater, and unfit to be leader!" I scream, and spring on him. I flip him in his back, and bite into his soft throat. He tries to kick my belly, but I had grabbed him in such a way he would only kick air. I feel the hot, sticky liquid leak from his throat. He stopped squirming. Grassstar was dead. I left, but not before kicking Grassstar's limp body. Mossyrock watches my back as I gently pick up my kit, and leave my old home. She quickly races after me, and we run down the tunnels, back to our camp.

Chapter 6

Rosekit's perspective

I saw him be thrown into the patch of brambles. They scratched him on the way down. I could hear him scream. His flaming pelt shone throw the dark vines. I already knew I liked him, but we could never be together. He and I were in different clans. Poor Flamekit.

Short time skip

Flamekit was put down by his mother to fight Grassstar. I took the only chance I would get to talk to him again.
"Would you mind meeting me at the entrance to your tunnel tonight?" I ask. Flamekit and I had gotten close. To close for 'enemies'. He purred.
"Of course." Even though we were young, it seemed right. I loved him, and he loved me. His mother took him away, and it got dark soon. I snuck out of camp, and met him at the entrance of the nearest tunnel. His scent lead me there. He was waiting.
"Hi, Rosekit! How are? Long time no see!" He joked. I laughed.
"Yeah, really. Good, are you glad your back?"
"For the most part. I'm just sad I can't play with you," he meowed.
"Yeah, I wish we could play everyday!"
"Maybe we can! Let's meet every night! That way we can always be friends!" He purred, and I nodded in agreement. He padded down the tunnel, and I went back to camp. I quickly fell asleep, knowing my friend was safe.

Chapter 7

Turtlekit's perspective

I stretch, my surprisingly long legs extending to their full length. I groom myself for a while, getting every hair nice and clean. I want to look my best. Why? Because I like looking neat and groomed. I tiptoe through the tunnels. My small feet soundlessly hitting the ground. I quickly grab a mouse from the prey pile, and tiptoe back down the tunnels.
I go into a secret tunnel, built by kits. Namely, me, Oakkit, Maplekit, Birchkit, Nightkit, Flamekit, Riverkit, Flykit, Creekkit, and Stormkit. I didn't dig as much since the toms hogged the work, and my small feet weren't meant for digging. Mapplekit and I mainly talk togther. I arrived shortly. The other kits were already there.
"Hi, Turtlekit!" Maplekit meows. I purr in hello.
"Hello gorgeous," Stormkit purrs flirtatiously as he saunters over to me. His tail trails against me as he slowly walks by, coming around my other side. He rubs his chin against me, leaving his scent all over me. I'm flinch away from him. He comes closer.
"No need to be afraid, flower," he whispers into my ear. I move away from him, and press myself into my best friend's, Oakkit's, side. He moved into a protective stance.
"You leave her alone!" Oakkit meows defensively. I shrink behind him as Stormkit growls loudly. He opened his mouth to speak when Flykit cuffs his ears.
"Don't bother her," Flykit sighs. "We have to go through this everyday! 'Oh hey, Turtlekit! I'm totally in love with you in a creepy way'" he mocks. Stormkit huffs and stalks away. I thank my friends, and settle down to talk with them.

Oakkit's perspective

I have feelings for Turtlekit, but she won't ever feel the same. She thinks of me as a friend, not mate. I know I'm young, but I can't help but like her. She's so beautiful, thoughtful, graceful, smart,

quiet, kind, caring, gentle, sweet, and lovable. I can think of a thousand more ways to describe her. How I wish she would think of me as more than just a friend, but for now, I can only pretend to not like her that way. Maybe she'll see that I'm a good cat, and start to like me back.

Turtlekit's perspective

Every kit, expect for Stormkit, is laying down in a circle. Maplekit is to my right, and Birchkit is to my left. Oakkit is next to him, then Flykit, Creekkit, Nightkit, Riverkit, Flamekit, and back to Maplekit and myself. Nightkit is flirting with Riverkit, Creekkit, and Flykit, purring and playfully flicking her tail on their sides. Riverkit looks slightly uncomfortable, and Flykit looks slightly amused. While Creekkit looks like he is in a dream. Maplekit is talking to Flamekit, and Oakkit looks deep in thought.
Birchkit is inching closer to me, most likely wanting me not to notice. I try my best to ignore him, but I flinch as I feel his whiskers against mine. In the back of my vision, I see his tail creep over to mine. He gently lifts his into the air, and I pull my tail to the side right before his lands on mine. I can almost feel the frustration seeping off of him.
He slowly starts to scoot closer to me again. I move closer to Maplekit, who is completely unaware of Birchkit trying to get closer to me. I feel his fur brush against mine.
"Hello, Turtlekit. How are you?" He purrs.
"Hi," I mumble. "Fine."
"Do you want to go somewhere else?" He asks smoothly. "Maybe somewhere private?" He hints. Oakkit must have felt my unease, because he sits down in between Birchkit and I. I let out a quiet sigh of relief, and press against him, wanting support. He gave it to me by gently licking my head. Not in a romantic way, but more how a queen would comfort her kit. He sits up after a while, and walks over to the exit.
"I have to go make dirt. I'll be right back," Oakkit meows. Birchkit inches closer as soon as my best friend leaves, and I suddenly stand up.
"I'm going to go get some food," I murmur. The others nod, and continue talking. Only Birchkit seems to really notice. He looks really frustrated. He prances over to my sister, and tries to flirt with

her when I leave our secret cave. Nightkit only laughs and says,

"Did my sister reject you?" I walk through the tunnels, find some food, and eat it in my family's den. I soon take a nice long nap.

Chapter 8

Flamekit's perspective

I race down the tunnels. It's time for me to meet Rosekit again! I can't wait to see her. I wait for a while, sitting in our meeting place. When I'm about to give up, she comes.

"Hi, Flamekit! How are you?" She meows.

"Hello! Good! You?" I reply.

"Good, for the most part. My parents are beginning to think something is up. I'm worried they might fined out," she meows shakily. I lay my tail on her back comfortingly.

"I'm sure they won't find u-" I start, but am interrupted.

"I found her!" Some cat yowled.

"Uh oh!" Rosekit squeaked. "I think I smell my mother."

"Then let's go!" I meow, getting ready to run, but something holds me down.

"Not so fast," a voice hisses, Thorntooth. I recognize him from when I was held captive in his camp.

"Get off me!" I growl. "I can have the whole group of TunnelClan here in seconds." Which was true. We invented a special thumbing that told other cats one was in danger. Rosekit was being pinned by her own mother, Appletree. Seeing my friend squished beneath her own family made me very angry. I tried to suddenly push up, but Thorntooth's heavier body kept me to the ground. I thumped on the ground with my back paws. Thump thump... Thump thump... Thump thump... Thump thump. With my ear pressed to the ground, I could hear paw steps thundering me way, TunnelClan.

I see my mother tackle Thorntooth. I race over to help her fight him off, but Rosekit's cry makes me stop. I see her pinned against the tunnel wall. Fangstar, WoodClan's new leader, ready to bite her throat. I spring on him as fast as I could. The sudden weight of another cat made him fall to the ground. I bit into his spine, causing him to screech. He jumped up, and at the last moment I jumped off of him. He hit the roof of the tunnel, and collapsed on the ground. I went over to Rosekit. She was crying.

"What is it? What did he do?" I ask gently.

"He... He told me I couldn't come back to WoodClan!" She cried. I quickly moved over to her side, and comforted her by purring and grooming her scruff. She soon settled down, and the rest of the WoodClaners were gone. My mother came up to me. I could see she was storming mad.

"Why are you with a WoodClan cat! She needs to leave at once, and go back where she came from!" Shadedstar growled. Rosekit started to whimper again. I glared at my mother.

"She just lost her clan! How can you be so cruel as to send a kit away, and in the dark!" I growl back. My mother's eyes go from raging mad, to sympathetic and sorry.

"I'm sorry, little one. I had no idea. What's your name? And what are you doing in our tunnels?" Shadedstar asks gently.

"It's alright," Rosekit whimpers. "My name is Rosekit."

"Oh, your Appletree's daughter. Well, seeing as you have no clan, and I know how that feels, you can stay here with us," mother meows. Rosekit looks very thankful, and we, with the rest of TunnelClan, pad down the tunnels to our dens. Rosekit will stay in ours.

Chapter 9

Turtlekit's perspective

I wake up with a new smell in the den. Another cat is here. I look around, and spot a little orange tabby she-kit with black and brown tortoiseshell markings. My brother is curled up close to her. *I wonder where she came from?* I remembered the alarm call that had made mother race away. I ponder about the new kit, and decide to ask her when she wakes up.
I get bored laying there, waiting for her to get up, so I pad down to the kits secret tunnel. Everyone except for Flamekit and the new kit are there.
"Hi, Turtlekit!" Maplekit meows. I nod in hello. Stormkit was about to say something, but Creekkit interrupted him.
"We are going to be made apprentices in a half moon!" He says. 'We' meaning him and his brothers; Stormkit and Riverkit.

"And I'm going to be made an apprentice today," Flykit meows.

"Oh, stop bragging!" Riverkit huffs.

"I'm not bragging. I'm just saying what's true," Flykit meows. Some of the other toms roll their eyes.

"You're only trying to impress Turtlekit," Birchkit growls in Flykit's ear. Flykit just looks more confused. I ignore the fighting toms, and walk over to my two best friends; Oakkit and Maplekit.

"Sorry about them. They can be such mousebrains at times," Oakkit says. I nod in agreement.

"Wanna play hide and go seek?" Maplekit asks.

"Sure," I reply.

"Your the seeker first!" My best friend purrs, and runs off to go hide. Her brother soon follows. I close my eyes, and wait for one hundred heartbeats. Before I reach sixty, I feel a tail against me. Somecat presses them self against me. I open my eyes to see Stormkit staring deep into my blue eyes.

"What are you doing?" I quiver. He smirks.

"Just trying to get close to my mate."

"I not your mate," I meow shakily.

"Oh? Well you will be," Stormkit purrs. I see him reach for my

scruff, and panic flutters in my chest like a caged butterfly. *I have to get away!* The ancient instinct buried deep within me kicks in. My bloodstream fills with adrenaline. I can feel my heartbeat rapidly increase. Stormkit is almost touching me. I spring away from him, and race down tunnels. I can hear paw steps thundering down after me. I feel like prey. The hunter close on my tail. I swerve sharply to the right, and run down another tunnel.

The hunters paw steps stop, then turn, and charge after me. I swerve and suddenly change directions. I didn't lose him. I hear the underground river roaring. Could I escape that way?

"Why do you run?" I hear him laugh. My breath comes in shorter gasps. I feel myself begging to tire. The river comes into view. I charge straight at it, and at the last second spring away from its edge. Stormkit's larger paws making it harder for him to turn, but he manages to right before falling in. The earth begins to grumble at the edge. Luckily I wasn't on it when the outer edge fell into the river, but Stormkit's yelp told me he hadn't been so lucky.

I look back to see him fall over the edge, into the river below.

Chapter 10

Everything seems to slow as Stormkit falls. I quickly reach down, and pull him up. I can barely lift him, since he twice my weight. I almost fall in. I collapse on the ground after Stormkit is safely on land. I hear the clan calling 'Flypaw!' A few times. We missed his ceremony.

"Couldn't stand to see me fall, could you?" He purrs, coming closer.

"No, no kit should die. I only saved you because it is in the warrior code," I murmur, closing my eyes. He is so close I can hear him breath. I can feel him shift, and I don't like the direction he is planning on going. On me. I step away from him, and he comes close again. I back away as he gets closer and closer. My back paw trips over a rock, and I fall on my back. Stormkit pins my legs down with his.

"You know, if we had kits they'd have your beauty and my strength and voice," he purred.

"How can you think about kits when you only are one?" I meow, aghast. He laughed, and leaned down towards me. I closed my eyes as tightly as I could. The weight on top of me was lifted, and I looked around to see Birchkit hit Stormkit so hard he was knocked out.

"Thank you, Birchkit," I purred, but stopped as I see the light in Birchkit's eyes. He comes closer, and I screech as a rock pierces my soft pads. I hear thundering pawsteps as a cat races down the tunnels, Flypaw. He springs at Birchkit, and bowls him over, giving him a cuff around the ears. Birchkit goes running down the tunnels. Stormkit close behind from a sturdy swat, he had woken up.

I let out the breath I didn't even know I was holding in. Relief swept over me in a wave. There was no danger anymore. I could relax. Flypaw won't hurt me.

"Thanks," I murmur. He nodds.

"I knew something was off when you didn't come to my cerimony. I followed your scent trail to here," he meowed. I smile my thanks and relief. He nods briskly. Flypaw had always been bad at reading

emotions. The only emotions he could read well is that of hate and obsession. Like how Stormkit and Birchkit like me. I sink to the floor. The shock from Stormkit's and Birchkit's sudden outburst just sunk into me. I hadn't really taken it in.
Flypaw comes over awkwardly. He doesn't know how to react when the she-cat he likes is in shock and is frightful. I jump when he sits down next to me, and puts his tail on my flank.
"Sorry," he mumbles.
"It's alright," I murmur. We sit there for a while in awkward silence, Flypaw trying to comfort me.

Oakkit's perspective

I see Flypaw curled up against Turtlekit. The hair in my spine raises in frustration. Why does she go for him? I'm her best friend! I storm away angrily. I can't stand to see the she-cat I like with another. I curl up in my nest, and fall asleep. Nightmares of Turtlekit and Flypaw laughing at me plaguing my sleep.

Chapter 11

Flamekit's perspective

I stalked around the tunnels. I look in every nook and cranny. Where could she be? I hear paw steps creep down the tunnels. I quickly turn around, and pounce. Got her.
"Got you!" I purr. Rosekit giggles beneath me.
"Sure did! Now get off, you big fleabag! It's my turn," she laughs. I fake hurt.
"I'm not a fleabag!" I protest, my eyes twinkling. She laughs again.
"Sure, catch me if you can!" She yowls, and pelts down the tunnels. I race after her. After racing around the tunnels for most of the day, we flop down by the river. I lick the water, and purr as the cool liquid pours down my throat. Rosekit also takes a drink.
We groom each other for a while, trying to get our puffed up, matted fur to lay flat. After a while, I race off again. Rosekit quickly follows. I hide around a corner, and wait for her to come. She comes racing by, and I spring. I land on her back. She lets out a startled yelp, and sinks to the floor.
"Good thinking. I'll have to try that some time," she meows in between breaths.
"Thanks, but not on me," I reply, panting. We pad down the tunnels, and collapse on our soft moss in our warm den. I quickly fall asleep, and so does Rosekit.

Chapter 12

Turtlekit's perspective

"Let all cats old enough to dig, gather beneath me to hear what I have to say," Turtlekit heard her mother yowl, her voice echoing along the tunnel walls. She stretched, and shook the sleep from her eyes. Turtlekit quickly groomed herself, wonder if today was the day. Her brother and sister stirred beside her, so did Rosekit.
"Do you think this is it?" Flamekit asked. Turtlekit nodded. The siblings ran down the tunnels, Rosekit close on their tails.
The clan was assembled, talking among themselves. Turtlekit scanned her clan, wonder who would mentor her. Flyflight, Creekpaw, Stormpaw, Riverpaw, Oakpaw, Maplepaw, and Birchpaw all sat in a group, Flyflight looked at Turtlekit encouragingly. She smiled at him.
"Come forwards, kits," mother comands. They obediently step forward, gathering beneath Sky Stone. "From this day on, until you earn you warrior names, you will be know as Nightpaw, Flamepaw, Turtlepaw, and Rosepaw. Nighthawk, you will mentor Nightpaw. Teach her your stealth and swiftness. Mistymountain, you will mentor Flamepaw. Teach him your patience and dedication. Whitefawn, you will mentor Turtlepaw. Teach her your confidence and fighting skills. Moonwhisker, you will mentor Rosepaw. Teach her your courage and strength. You may continue with your daily activities now," Shadedstar finished.
The clan cheered their new names, while Darkflame and Shadedstar looked very proud. The clan dispersed. Only Stormpaw, Birchpaw, Creekpaw, and Riverpaw stayed. They huddled in a group, and Turtlepaw didn't like the way they were talking. Stormpaw and his brothers left, only Birchpaw stayed. He smiled, and walked over.
"Hello gorgeous," he purred. He sauntered over, and brushed his tail along Turtlekpaw's flank. She shuddered. "No need to be afraid. I won't hurt you... much," he laughed. She shrunk, shying away from him. Birchpaw swiftly padded over, and teased her with his tail. Turtle closed her eyes tightly, not knowing what to do. She hadn't learned any battle moves yet, and Birchpaw was much larger then

her. He walked behind her, and she froze. Turtlepaw knew what was going to happen.
Birchpaw sprung on her, and roughly grabbed her scruff. The water brothers, what Turtlepaw called Stormpaw and his brothers, came in. They padded over to Birchpaw and Turtlepaw, all purring.
"Do it, Birchpaw. We'll all have our chance," Stormpaw laughed.
Birchpaw slammed his hind end into hers, and Turtlepaw screeched, but was muffled by Stormpaw's tail.
"Now, now, Turtlepaw. We don't want to alert the other warriors, do we?" Stormpaw cooed. His brothers snickered. "We have all wanted to mate with you for such a long time. We finally saw reason, and combined forces. You would never mate with just one of us. You would easily escape, but with four... That's a different story," Stormpaw purred.
Turtlepaw tried bucking, but that made Birchpaw even happier. He proceeded to mate with her for what felt like moons. Turtlepaw writhed, trying to get away from Birchpaw's grasp, but he was to large and strong for her to get rid of. Not to mention he had been an apprentice for a moon. She was stuck. Turtlepaw couldn't move without hurting herself, so she was forced to remain there.
Birchpaw soon got off, but Stormpaw immediately took his place. Stormpaw was a lot rougher than Birchpaw, and twice his size. He covered Turtlepaw's body with ease. She couldn't even writhe. After what felt like another moon, Creekpaw took his brothers place. He was just as rough and large as his brother. Riverpaw soon got his chance, and was just like his brothers.
After Riverpaw got off Turtlepaw, she sunk to the floor. She was too weak to walk. After being mated by four toms that were much larger than herself, and having little air due to tails covering her mouth, it wasn't a surprise.
The toms left her in the cave, crying and whimpering, all content with what they had done. Turtlepaw didn't move for hours. Even when she had the strength to, she didn't. She was too upset to. She would be a mother as an apprentice, and not from the tom she liked. Flyflight was the one who found her. He was worried when she didn't come to hunt with him, so he went looking for her. Flyflight brought her to her new den, where she and her siblings would be sleeping, and laid her down. He didn't know how to comfort her, and wasn't aware of what the four toms had done. He was only aware of the she-cat he liked was in despair. He went

away after a while, fetching Turtlepaw's mother.

Chapter 13

She shook her head as Shadedstar asked her to explain what happened. Her eyes began to water again, and she hid her head. Her mother sighed in defeat. She didn't know what was wrong with her daughter. Turtlepaw refused to tell her mother what has happened. It was to painful of a thought. When ever she thought about, claws raked her mind, and she cried out in pain.

Flyflight stood by. His eyes were round with worry, and his heart clenched in fear. *What happened to her that she won't even speak to her mother?* He asked himself, but to no avail. He could not begin to image what had happened. Turtlepaw managed to eat, and soon stumbled to the training cave. Her moves were sloppy, and she didn't try her best.

Whitefawn encouraged her to keep going, and that no matter what had happened, she needed to try her best. Turtlepaw sighed, and her moves became stronger. She moved with the grace of a swan, and struck with the speed of the vipers that now and again crawled in the tunnels.

"Good job, Turtlepaw. Your moves are already looking much better," Whitefawn congratulated, putting a small smile on Turtlepaw's face. Their training went well, and after a long hard day, the prey-pile welcomed them with open arms.

Turtlepaw stayed clear of the area of the water brothers, and went over to Oakpaw, but he promptly left. Not a word was uttered from his mouth, which made Turtlepaw quite sad. *What have I done to make Oakpaw hate me?* She asked herself.

He had been avoiding her at all costs, and never bothered to say 'hi'. Turtlepaw went over to Flyflight, and they enjoyed a meal together. Turtlepaw slept restlessly that night. Nightmares plagued her sleep, and she tossed and turned. Only after getting a drink of water, was she able to fall back to sleep

Chapter 14

A fter a few moons of training

Trying to hide her growing stomach from her clan, she slunk through the tunnels. She still avoided the water brothers at all costs. Turtlepaw was currently laying in the eating cave, her eyes fixed on Oakpaw. *Why won't he talk to me? What have I done? I thought we were friends, but I guess I was wrong. I need to talk to him, find out what's wrong. Now's a better time than ever.*

Oakpaw was enjoying his meal alone. He happily munched on the vole. Turtlepaw decided to make her move and sat down beside him. She meowed to him in greeting, which he ignored. He finished his vole and got up, walking away. Furious, Turtlepaw ran after him.

"Oakpaw! Stop! Let me talk to you! Please," she panted, carrying kits made it hard to exercise. Oakpaw sighed and turned around.

"What?" Came his brisk and cold reply.

"What's wrong with you?! You've been ignoring me for moons!" The angry she-cat hissed. "You didn't even bother to say hi!" Oakpaw shrunk at her angry tone.

"I thought... you... You were always with Flyflight! I didn't think you needed me anymore! Why don't you just go be mates with him already?!" He growled. Turtlepaw was in shock. After a few minutes of silence, the tomcat went on. "After seeing him with his tail on you, I was furious! I've liked you for a while now. I respect you, not like those other toms. I thought you would see that I'm not like them..."

"Oakpaw..." The she-cat murmured. "The reason why he was like that near the river, was cause Stormpaw and Birchpaw had almost mated with me back there. He protected me. I was in such shock, I broke down and he tried to comfort me. That's what happened." Oakpaw hung his head in shame.

"Oh... I'm so sorry, Turtlepaw. I had no idea. I feel so awful for jumping to conclusions!" Turtlepaw didn't speak. She merely put her tail over his back to comfort him. He buried his face in her fur to hide his tears of shame, breathing in her sweet milky smell. Then,

he froze. *Milky smell?* He thought in shock. "Are you expecting kits?" He whispered. Turtlepaw froze, her body stiffening.

"N-no! Why would I be? That's such a silly idea, Oakpaw! Oh my. It's getting late. I need to go meet up with my brother and Rosepaw now!" She turned to leave but Oakpaw gently pinned her and checked her stomach. Sure enough, his best friend was expecting kits.

"Turtlepaw! Who did this? Was it consensual?" Oakpaw yelped. Turtlepaw broke down in dears and shook her head. The tomcat quickly let her up and comforted her, wrapping his body around her delicate frame. The she-cat's body shook with tears as she mumbled out what happened. Oakpaw was filled with rage when he heard this.

"Want me to tell Shadestar?" He asked gently and quietly. Turtlepaw nodded weakly. They sat there in silence for a while. Soon, Turtlepaw got up and signaled for Oakpaw to come with her. They went to Shadestar's den and explained the whole story. Turtlepaw was leaning on Oakpaw the whole time for support. Shadestar enveloped her daughter in furious and comforting licks.

"My poor little kit! If they ever do anything to you again, I'm kicking the out. If you want, Turtlepaw, we can have Stoneslip and Maplepaw give you herbs to get rid of the kits. They won't be born that way," Shadestar said gently, licking her daughter's head again. "That would be for the best," Turtlepaw meows sadly, hating to abort her unborn kits. However, she didn't want the other tomcats kits nor did she want to have her training be halted for being a queen and have the risk of death. Stoneslip gave her some herbs to do it. Everyone was silent and sorrowful for a while after, about a half moon. The rest of the clan would never find out.

The whole duration of their training, Oakpaw rarely left Turtlepaw's side. He especially never left her side around the water brothers. Right before they moved on to warriorship, something dreadful happened.
Oakpaw had gone to make dirt, leaving Turtlepaw alone. The water brothers suddenly surrounded her. They had stalked her for a long time, waiting for this one moment.

Please Read

Hello everybody! I hope you're having a wonderful day! I'm going to be taking a break from Wattpad for a while, but I'm not going to be gone forever. I've been spending a little too much time online lately, and I haven't been writing, drawing, or doing crafts because of that. I don't know when I'll be back, but I will be back eventually. See you soon!

Chapter 15

Flamepaw's perspective

Rosepaw had gotten so beautiful. She had always been beautiful, but she had gotten even more so. Most of the other tomcats didn't pay attention to her, but she was the most beautiful she-cat in my eyes. I would never do anything to harm her. I respect her so much.

"I wonder why none of the other toms go after you. You're the most beautiful she-cat in the whole clan!" I purr, nuzzling my future mate. Rosepaw laughs.

"Maybe it's 'cause they know I'm yours," she purred back. I sighed happily and curled against her. Rosepaw shared her tongue with me, grooming my head and coat. I purred loudly as she did this, happy as can be. "Ya know, we're going to be warriors soon. After that, maybe we should think about kits." My heart skipped a beat as she said this.

"R-really?! You don't want to wait a while, until, like, we're more mature or something? Lots of she-cats are waiting six moons before having kits after their warrior ceremony," I gushed. Rosepaw grinned in amusement.

"Oh come on, Flamepaw. Don't be silly! We can take care of kits just fine right now. And! We can return to chasing after each other after they're apprentices. It will go back to being normal," she soothed, causing me to relax. I nodded and meowed my agreement. We spent the rest of the day talking about names and possible coat colors and other kit related things.

Chapter 16

Turtlepaw's perspective

The water brothers were going to be named warriors today. *Oh StarClan*, I prayed. *Please let them leave me alone for today!* I'm eating with Oakpaw right now. He hasn't left my side since I told him what happened! He's a really good tom. I think I'm starting to grow feelings for him.

The classic story, huh? Best friends falling for each other. Well, not this time!

"I need to go make dirt. I'll be right back!" Oakpaw told me, getting up and trotting off. I smiled to myself after he left. The water brothers were no where in sight! *Probably doing some last minute training*. Or so I thought.

I weight was suddenly on top of me. I couldn't move. I felt my scruff being gripped and I was moved somewhere. I was tossed down. The water brothers. They hadn't been training after all. Here they were, all grinning at me. Birchpaw. Stormpaw, Riverpaw, and Creekpaw had me cornered.

"Where are our kits, hm?" Stormpaw hissed. I swallowed in fear. *Oh no. They actually wanted kits. Fox dung! What do I tell them?* I thought rapidly.

"O-oh. The kits... They-" I paused to add drama and hopefully convince them. "They didn't make it past the first half moon. I'm sorry..." I hung my head in shame, tearing up. The hurt of having to get rid of my unborn kits was still there. I started to cry every time I thought about it. Creekpaw growled at me.

"Sure. I don't believe that. We have some of the strongest genes here! How could our kits not make it? Unless, the weakness came from you," Birchpaw chuckled, smirking.

"And if we can't have you, no one else can," Riverpaw mused darkly. I felt a lump form in my throat. I couldn't even dream of escaping this one. It was four to one. I still had to try though. I lunged at the nearest cat, Stormpaw unfortunately, and started to claw viscously.

He howled in shock and pain, his brothers hauling me off him and swatting me to the ground.
"How dare you! You stupid she-cat! You will pay for this and being so weak. Just like your mother," the angered Stormpaw hissed, springing on me. I tried to get him off, but his three brothers held my paws down. I squirmed and squirmed, but to no avail. They had me pinned. Stormpaw laughed and started to bare his claws. They dug into my soft underbelly. With little difficulty, he raked my stomach open. I screeched in pain, but was quickly muffled by his teeth in my throat. I felt warm liquid bubble up and out my throat, spraying in Stormpaw's face. He curled away in disgust and signaled for his brothers to follow. They each landed a blow or two on me before leaving. I tried to crawl away, but my vision was already darkening. I had lost too much blood. Soon, the world faded into blackness and the cats of StarClan greeted me. I was finally able to meet my unborn kits as well.

Chapter 17

The water brothers walked to the Sky Stone, ready to get their warrior names. They had licked the blood off their coats and bathed in the river to get the scent off. Shadestar sat on the Sky Stone, her clan gathered around. The ceremony began
"Today, we make these four brothers from apprentices to warriors! They have trained hard to become who they are now! I have chosen names that best fit these young toms. Stormpaw, step forward!" The leader called, and the young cat obeyed. "Stormpaw, from this day forward, you will be know as Stormscreech. For the last sound my daughter made before you murdered her!" Shadestar sprung down and the clan surrounded the young toms.
"You four have committed horrible deeds! From the rules of the Warrior Code, you are banished. Stormscreech, Riverpaw, Creekpaw, and Birchpaw! All four of you are to never be seen around again. If we ever see you here, you will be attacked and killed! There is no place in any clan for cats like you. Now begone!" Shadestar howled. The clan then chased them out of their territory and far away. As a final parting gift, Shadestar had named her daughter Turtlesong, to honor her beauty and delicacy.

Shadestar broke down in tears after the clan had left.
"My poor kit!" She screeched in pain and grief. Darkflame sat beside her and purred to comfort her. He, too, was crying. Though his tears were silent ones.

End

I'm so sorry that it's ending here, but...

I want to focus on The Boiling Point. Maybe I'll write more later on, but for now, the story ends.

Thank you so much for reading!!! I hope you enjoyed!